

"By the definition of the dogma of the Assumption, the Church set her indefectible seal on the MARIAN AGE in which we are fortunate enough to live."

Card. van Roey  
Jan. 10, 1951

# RESTORATION

"Now more than ever we, the clergy need the efficient help of the laity in building and extending the Kingdom of God."

Card. van Roey

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No. 5

## A LOVE LETTER TO ALMIGHTY GOD

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God of Every Day and Every Hour: We celebrate an anniversary this new and rain-washed month of May; and I would ask a special favor of You.

We came here twelve years ago, on the 17th of May, named the house for Your mother, and set ourselves to do Your work as You seemed to wish us to. We have never been happier, Lord. I speak for Catherine as for myself. We have never been happier.

So Many Miracles

And yet I want something of you, God; and it is not a little thing either. Of course it makes no difference to You whether it be big or little. Even the biggest things are trifles to You. But this is not particularly big. Yet I shall not be completely happy without it.

It is a simple request, Lord; though it may make You smile—as a Father sometimes smiles upon a stupid child. Let me never be bored by Your miracles! That is what I ask of You, for this anniversary present. Let me never yawn at any of Your wonders!

Never let me take You for granted, as I am prone to do. Let me enjoy the miracle of waking, when it comes to me, and the miracle of being aware that I am still alive—a breathing, walking, thinking miracle of Your love and mercy. It is a miracle that You made me, Lord. It is a greater miracle that You tolerate me. And that You love me—Lord, God, I cannot even begin to comprehend the immensity of this marvel!

I am a miracle, for You made me and put me here. Yet I dare complain, sometimes, that I do not feel as young as I was yesterday, nor as willing, nor as able. Let me not slight this miracle of Yours, Lord—nor the miracles I see every day around me. So many many miracles! So many beautiful miracles!

Miracles and Miracles

Let me see Your image clearly in these boys and girls of Madonna House; these people who have given you the warmth and wealth of their youth. You work miracles of grace in them every day.

Let me not take them for granted, Lord; let me never be bored with them. Let me not be bored by anyone—for every man and every woman and every child on earth is a miracle of Yours.

Let me not take Your seasons for granted. Spring is a miracle. Summer is a miracle. Autumn is a miracle. And winter is a beautiful miracle—and it lasts a long long time, here, Lord, a very long long time. Every new day is a miracle, and so is every night.

Food is a miracle. Clothing is a miracle. Houses are miracles too, since You gave man the brains to build them. Health is a miracle. And so, I think, is sickness. Not all the time, Lord, but frequently, sickness is a miracle of grace, because it brings the patient a closer image of Your face, a better understanding of Your love and care, a more intimate relationship to You.

Will I Be Afraid?

And death, of course, is the greatest miracle of all—for it is both birth and death, and it blots out all the things that come between us, Lord, between the likes of You, that is, and the likes of us! It blots out everything, and brings us face to face!

God, shall I be able to stand it, when I see You thus? If Our Lady is with me, yes. If she isn't God have mercy on me!

Laughter is a miracle, Lord, that we do not appreciate as we should. And there is much laughter here. The other day our white cat, Snowball, climbed up a tall pine tree—perhaps tempted to the heights by wicked blue jays. But he was too frightened to come down. Louis Stoeckle climbed up for him.

"Nothing wrong with him", Louie reported. "He just thought he was a pussy willow."

Lord We Thank You

Thank You for Louie, Lord. Thank You for all the boys and girls. Thank You for Catherine, and for the priests. Thank You for birth and waking and sleep. Thank You for leisure and for work. Thank You for sickness and for health. Thank You for these twelve full years in Madonna House.

Thank You for the beauty of this region, Lord. For the river. For the woods, and the berries and the mushrooms and the wild apples and plums and the millions of flowers that grow miraculously there. Thank You for the many lakes and hills. Thank You for the changing seasons, for rain and frost and snow and brilliant sunshine. Thank You for sunrise and for sunset. Thank You for the moon and the stars. Thank You for the birds that flit all around us—even if they do awaken us at 5 a.m. or sooner. Thank You for the visitors who come to see us; and for their generosity to us, and their tender friendship.

God, Love Katie

I would ask something for Catherine also, as an anniversary present. But I do not know of anything she needs.

She is also a miracle of Your love and mercy, and a much nicer one than I am. But then she helped You with that miracle. I just sat around and watched while You were working the miracle of me. I did little, if anything, to aid You. She had to help You there too. I guess I'm just a crazy lazy crack-pot soul at best—and lucky that You and Catherine should take any sort of interest in me.

Give me this present, Lord, this month, the gift of appreciating You and all You do. Someday I will ask You for the gift supreme, that I may love You as I should... and more than yesterday... and less than tomorrow. Eternally yours, Eddie.

It is not the THINGS of this world that either occupy the soul or cause it harm, since they enter it not but rather the will and desire for them

St. John of the Cross

## For Pentecost

By Catherine de Vinck

Upon this life of domestic seasons, Enamelled by dawn, hazed by dusk, But never breaking into tumultuous moments— Upon this life so calmly regulated, Accounted for in terms of abiding habits,

Blow, Spirit of Fire, blow, 'Til the heart lies bare, 'Til the drowned mind has been hauled Out of the multiplicity of its dwellings,

'Til the soul is faced with the wrenching agony, The sudden anguish and the sudden pain Of extreme dispossession.

Spirit of Fire, in one momentous blaze, Burn the secure walls built of the dust Of blissful memories, of past propitious instants,

That the soul hoards, and tries to adjust With infinite care, but all un-mindful

That it is laboring in unfathomable depths, In abysmal darknesses.

Spirit of Fire, break into the houses Where the sad rich store the ransom of their peace; Break into the chartered lives of the poor,

Where man and woman wrestle with their grief, And little children with bluish lips Lift the poppy-banners of their dreams.

Break into the geometric shadows Laid out in angles, cubes, or clever spheres, Closed to the gilded veracity of a single daffodil,

To the evidence of the earth heaped with a bounty That mutely proclaims the deeds of Love.

Spirit of Fire, blow upon the multitude, Tearing each apart from all the others,

That each may feel the brand of solitude, The blessed searing of silence:

For they are parked together, not in love, But for the binding of reasonable theorems, For the reassurance and repetitious drone Of collective lies.

Separate them, throw each one into a desert of beating sun, That the salt of their tears may run into their mouths.

Holy One, Mighty One, Winged Love, Descend, descend, spread low Your fiery pennons,

And breathe forth the Pentecostal tongues, For the land is tossed in frightful night,

And the dead are clutched in mortal embrace Leaving but their shadows to dance

As silver sheaths upon the waving grass.

Holy One, Mighty One, Winged Love, Come Forth in a thousand glorious flames;

Enter into Your Own, into the walled rooms Where men wait, behind locked doors,

For the Life-gift of Your splendour.

## An Altar In Winslow

Casa De Nuestra Senora, in Winslow, Arizona, is going to build a bigger house with a chapel in it for our staff, and neighbors, to come out of the heat of the day and rest a little while with Christ Who will come to dwell with them.

Evidently Nuestra Senora, Our Lady, wanted Her Son to come and live in Her House... so He is going to... But, Cathy Maynard the Director of the Casa, has to build a Chapel first.

So Cathy will need GOLD. What if it looks like brass... or north American pennies? What if it looks like silver—dimes, quarters, fifty cent pieces... or old fashioned heavy dollars. What if it looks like paper? It still will be the GOLD OF LOVE OF HUMAN HEARTS... WHO, FOLLOWING THE THREE HOLY KINGS, WILL BRING THAT GOLD TO BUILD CHRIST ANOTHER BETHLEHEM, ANOTHER NAZARETH, ON THE HOT SANDS OF AN ARIZONA DESERT.

Cathy will need also Sacred Vessels. Old or new. Is a Sacred Vessel ever old, though? She will need altar linens. She has already been given a tabernacle, and a full set of needed vestments... except those used in Benediction. She will need a Monstrance, and a little sweet tinkling bell. And, oh, all the many many things that go into a chapel to Serve the King of Kings!

She is starting a special gift book into which the name of every donor will be written. This will repose beneath the Altar. The names in it will be remembered always in the Masses said at that altar—with a special Mass for all those in that book once a year.

Parish priests, convents, monasteries, may have many things, perhaps, that they could spare for the Little Chapel of Nuestra Senora... The Little Chapel in a humble adobe brick house on the burning sands of Arizona's desert...

Yes... Our Lady and Cathy her humble servant... will need MONEY AND ALL THOSE OTHER THINGS THAT LOVE GIVES TO HER SON, THEIR GOD AND OURS...

If you have both or either... send them to MISS CATHY MAYNARD, CASA DE NUESTRA SENORA, WINSLOW, ARIZONA. Our Lady Queen of America will thank you... and Her Son will bless you.

## Man's Resurrection

Rev. Eugene Cullinane

Calamities Are golden treasures in the sight of God. They break the back Of human pride And turn the tide Of man's idolatry and insolence To reverence, Humility And God.

The terrors of our age Are therefore timely And a token of God's love; They teach sublimely, As no human book has ever taught,

The greatest of the truths That men have sought But could not find Without the kind Of Cross And loss

Calamity alone could bring. So be content With God's design. It needs must be That all the human notes In God's great symphony Are brought back into tune And harmony

With all the other notes So that the music of our world Will harmonize With that of heaven.

## The Role of the Priest in the Lay Apostolate

By Catherine Doherty

A man among men. A bridge between man and God. A teacher. A minister of God. And a man who becomes "Bread and Wine himself, a holocaust of love... another Christ... All this a priest is, as well as a Father to his Little Lay Apostolic flock...

I ended my last article by speaking of the unplumbed depths that opened before my eyes, as I haltingly, hesitatingly, in fear and trembling, tried to show the many facets of such a priestly life.

In this, the last article of this series, I want to venture into the role of the Lay Apostles in sustaining and dealing with their priests, their chaplains, those men dedicated so completely to God that their vocation is truly to become another Christ.

Love and Obey

These lay Apostles, to whom such priests are given by God, and His representatives, the Hierarchy, to guide them on the paths of God's full truth... to lead them over the narrow path that leads to God... to form and shape their souls so they may be pleasing to God... and instruct them in the ways of the spirit, so they may show His Face to other men... must first of all LOVE, TRUST, AND OBEY these priests of theirs.

They must love them with a holy love... always seeing in them Christ... always treating them as they would Christ. To love in this manner they must know what the Holy priesthood really is... and who this man, whose manner seems so ordinary, is in the sight of God and man.

They must TRUST him with child-like trust in all matters pertaining, first, of course, to Faith and morals, second to all matters of spiritual formation and direction. Remembering that his voice is that of God Himself in these matters, they must open their hearts to him... in utter simplicity. They must accept correction and direction with love and reverence. They must render him unquestioned obedience in these matters too... For only then will they know the perfect freedom of the children of God.

Who Has No Faults?

Loving... trusting... obedient... they will make his task easier, his burdens lighter, his holocaust fruitful.

But they must not forget the Simon in the Peter. For a priest is still a man... a human being. As such he will have his foibles and his faults. And since the little ones will have many contacts with him, they will get to know both well.

And knowing them well... they will pray for him constantly; without ceasing. Never permitting themselves, even in the most hidden recesses of their souls, to judge these priests... these men among men. Nor will they allow the slightest criticism to pass their lips... They will remember that whosoever touches the Simon in the priest... tears the seamless robe of Peter!

Should they have "justifiable points" along those lines, which may confuse their souls, they will bring them directly to the priests, and discuss them only with him.

But more. As their souls are formed by these holy human hands, anointed so specially to be the hands of Christ, as their minds open daily more and more to the grace of God... brought to them at such a price by these same priests... they will begin to understand their vocation of being the disciples, who walked with Christ all the way through His public life, even unto the tomb.

Saints, Teach Us

They will begin to pray to these holy ones... St. John, the Beloved... St. Mary Magdalene... St. Martha... St. Veronica... Simon of Cyrene... and the un-

known and un-named ones... "who were there"... to teach them to share in the Pain and Passion of Christ in these their very own priests... and every priest everywhere in the world.

They will turn to Mary, the Mother of God and all priests, and implore her help to "stand silent and prayerful" at the foot of each priest's Cross. And they will do more. They will turn their faces to God the Father... and beseech Him... to allow them to BE HOLOCAUSTS FOR THEIR PRIESTS... AND ALL THE PRIESTS IN THE WORLD... TO ENTER, SO FAR AS IT MAY BE PERMITTED TO THEM, INTO THE UNPLUMBED DEPTHS I SPOKE OF SO TREMBLINGLY...

Some of them may be allowed even to offer themselves as victim souls for priests!... Then truly the bond of Charity will be completed. THE PAIN OF CHRIST IN THE PRIESTS WILL BE UPHOLD... SHARED... ASSUAGED... MADE A LITTLE LIGHTER BY THE LAITY... HIS SPIRITUAL CHILDREN...

AND THE PAIN OF CHRIST IN THE LAITY WILL BE SHARED, UPHOLD, ASSUAGED... BY THE PRIESTS.

AND THE KINGDOM OF GOD WILL COME TO DWELL AMONG US!

## Fiat Mibi

The smile of Christ within me wells— A tide of Love, it slowly swells, But pauses now to cleanse me more, That from my heart may ever pour As from a vessel now refined This Love of His for all mankind.

## COMBERMERE DIARY

Staff Worker Doreen Rousseau has been appointed to Marian Centre in Edmonton; while Mary Davis returns from there to Madonna House. Staffer Mike Lopez has been appointed to the Casa in Arizona, and Phil Knight returns from there to Combermere.

Our dear friend Margaret Sweeney died in hospital in Kingston, of pneumonia, on April 6th, and was buried there.

Twenty two of our group either made or renewed their Promises of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience at Easter time this year. The new Staff Workers are Ann Chapman, Paul Holland, Bill Jakali, Charlie Webb, and Sandra Woods. Like the postman taking a walk on his holidays, Ed Watson spent his holidays with the group in Arizona.

St. Benedict's Acres, our farm, has a population of several hundred if you count the 300 chickens, the 16 cows, 12 goats, 10 pigs, 7 sheep, 15 rabbits, 6 cats, 3 Staff Workers, and one dog. We are still hoping that electricity may reach there this year. Many of our friends have helped us with our farm fund—especially Mrs. Katherine Silva of New London, Conn., and a goodly group of her charitable fellow citizens.

This year for the first time in the history of our Apostolate, we will have a Directors' meeting at Madonna House during this month. All the Local Directors will be in attendance, including Mamie Legris of the Yukon; Dot Phillips of Edmonton; Mary Kay Rowland of Portland; and Cathy Maynard of Arizona. Say a prayer that our deliberations and decisions may help even more souls.

At the same time, there will be a Retreat, and the eldest of the Staff will be making their final and perpetual Promises for life. This is the first time that a group makes final promises—and again we'd appreciate your good prayers for the grace of perseverance.



# RESTORATION

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## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

How difficult it is to write about the pain of Christ in the hearts of men! How difficult it is to write about the needs of man the world over... the primary needs of man, without which perhaps the Face of God we hunger for, will remain forever blurred or hidden from their sight!

How difficult to tell, for instance, of the poverty of the poor, without perhaps wounding love—that in the first place would prompt such writing.

For there is a dignity about the poor of this world—an immense and awesome dignity. Somehow, without realizing it, they best of all exemplify THE MAN WHO HAD NOWHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD. Where is the writer who does not tremble before the tired faces of the poor, in which he can see so well the tired face of His God?

How fiery, and yet how infinitely gentle, courteous, and delicate, should be the words that describe the poverty of the Negro in the Southern States of America! To those who write, God gives words to express thoughts—yet... charity hesitates to use those words.

There is something frightening about exposing the inside of rural shacks, in which some Negroes live, in the Southern States. Jerry-built out of the flotsam and jetsam of lumber pieces and corrugated iron, collected here, there and everywhere, by tired, work-worn hands, to make some sort of shelter for those their heats love.

How can one write about the plight of the Spanish-speaking Americans in their sometimes-crumbling adobe houses, on those uneven streets that are not streets at all but just rutty, dusty, or muddy roads, bordered with broken-down fences?

To show the need of the poor, one must write about how they live, what they eat, the pitiful wages they get, the clothes they haven't got and should have the medicines that take such a long time to get, and the medical help that takes perhaps even longer.

Oh, it isn't learned and hidden reports of social workers and welfare agencies that is going to open the hearts of older men who would like to help the poor. No. Words of fire, of love, of understanding, of pity, of compassion—are needed! But these words die before they are spoken. For it is... or it seems to be... a violation of that awesome dignity of the poor, to open their deep wounds to the gaze of the passer-by.

I am such a writer. I have recently finished 8,000 miles of a trip. My heart is filled with that love, pity and compassion that almost kills me. Yet I hesitate to speak of the needs of the poor, as I could speak; painting pictures that would be realistic, brutal, and true, that might become a voice.

Word-pictures are voices. And mine would be the voice of one who cries in the wilderness... "Make straight THE PATHS OF THE LORD IN THE POOR."

But how can I do it without hurting that dignity... that awesome dignity that is theirs? Then again, how can I live without telling what I have seen and heard—of the PAIN OF CHRIST.

Oh you who read this, tell me, how can I solve the seemingly unsolvable dilemma? WHERE LOVE IS GOD IS... but God dwells in poverty, today, among so many. Christ is hungry for bread and love. Christ is in need of shelter and warmth. Christ in the poor of America and Canada needs to be known!

How can I make Him known, unless I tell how He lives in them? How can I tell without hurting that dignity, without putting wounds, sadness, and sorrow on parade?

Perhaps by asking you, dear reader, to cross your railroad track and go and see for yourself, and, seeing, become a Good Samaritan... and do what your heart would tell you to do!

## A New Link

Our Lady of the Cape now has her own altar in Montmartre's Shrine Basilica of the Sacred Heart overlooking Paris. Her statue was installed April 30th, on a side altar, to take up official and permanent residence there. This is a link between France and Canada, between Canada's Rosary Shrine and France's Church of the National Vow. It is also a

sign of gratitude. France brought to our country, in the 17th century, the Catholic religion, French culture, and devotion to the Immaculate Conception and to the Rosary. 1959 marks the 300th anniversary of the gift to Canada, by the Church and by France, of a bishop, Monseigneur de Laval. 1959 also marks the Golden Jubilee of the official recognition of the national shrine of Our Lady of the Cape by the Canadian Hierarchy. There is in the two Shrines, continued prayer. At Montmartre, Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament. At the Cape, the National Perpetual Rosary Crusade.

## Easter Here Still—

It is May by the calendar. The wild flowers have come back to the woods and fields. The strawberries are running wild everywhere. And Madonna House is getting ready to celebrate its twelfth anniversary of its foundation, on the 17th of the month. Yet, if you listen to the boys and girls singing and humming Alleluias during the morning, and the afternoon, and the evening, and the night, you get the idea it is still Easter.

The Liturgy of Easter Week has had such a profound and lasting effect on Staff and visitors that Father J. T. Callahan, our chaplain, thought each one should write a brief letter, telling what especially moved or stirred him. There are too many letters to print, in full or even in part. They had to be carefully edited to keep them from taking over this issue of the paper. They all have much in common; yet each is different from all the others.

### A Week Relived

The first, written by a visitor, tells everything in three paragraphs: "Dear Joe; I have just witnessed a Holy Week that was a Holy Week. Here at M.H. I actually relived the events in Our Lord's last week as I never have before—from the triumphal entry into Jerusalem to His last gasp on the cross of our sins.

"The ceremonies were the same as everywhere in the Roman rite, yet they carried more impact more reality. The key to this was love, made more striking by the pure simplicity of God's house upstairs. Not embellished with spires, and paintings of saints, but with a wooden altar and narrow backdrop of purple, centralizing the tabernacle and shrouded crucifix. When the tabernacle stood open on Good Friday the chapel seemed desolate. I felt empty. Even Our Lady, beautifully painted on the inside backdrop of the tabernacle, seemed abandoned.

"Then, what a simple brilliance and magnificent happiness pervaded the chapel on Easter morn! It radiated from the tabernacle and the warm wood-carved crucifix, from the golden and white backdrop, into the hearts of Our Lady's attendants, and burst forth from their lips in the Ambrosian Gloria and Alleluias. And after the tabernacle closed once more on Our Lord and Mary, the joy overflowed downstairs to tables fit for kings, or rather for sons of the living God, into much song and laughter, and into the lives and work of a very happy family in the following week. Love. Ed."

### To Light The World

Other letters stress parts of the Liturgy... "The chapel was in complete darkness when Father Callahan struck the flint and produced the Easter light... Lumen Christi... B often speaks of the apostolate as a number of tiny lights, each one of us being a light going into the darkness where God is not known and enkindling a fire, small at first, which grows and grows. We lit our candles from the Paschal candle, each passing the light... this travelling light made me think of the unity of our group, the unity of all who love God... Marie let all the stops out on the organ and played it full blast. The bells were rung, even the big bell outside. Mary Ann went downstairs with the Easter light and lit all the candles, and everyone in the chapel sang the Gloria... Marilyn.

"Dear Friend:... We lived 'the mightiest days of creation' 24 hours a day during Easter Week... and since we are here for the love of Christ, the graces could not help but be so overwhelming as to leave you weak... and begging for the gift of being able to give yourself in return for all you have been given... The alleluias ceased and the feasting began. We were so happy that beans would have been sufficient, but the kitchen girls had been preparing all week an unbelievable spread... Through Our Most Pure Mother, your pal, Joe."

### Praise Him. Kill Him

"Dear Denis... The procession of palm bearers still slowly mounts the chapel steps to the strains of the 'Gloria, laus'; and the choral cry, 'Let Him be crucified', still rings out during the part reading of the St. Matthew passion. The Mandatum ceremony... moves slowly across the floor from foot to foot, ending in the exultant 'Ubi Caritas'. And the bread, salt and wine of our own memorial supper linger on the tongue... death shall be no more, nor tears for things, nor sorrows that numb the heart and bludgeon the spirit... Love

Himself sits on the right hand of the Father in bliss Eternal and unalloyed. Yours, John."

"My dear friend: It was a long, hard, and joyous Lent. There was the penitential spirit, the fasting, etc., but, more important, the inner living of the Lenten Liturgy, the concerted drive to prepare our souls, through prayer, mortification, and the duties of our state, performed with love, for the great day of Easter and of our own death and resurrection. Alongside this came the spring cleaning of Madonna House during Passion Week, and a three day retreat for half of the Staff, in which the other half participated in a sense by doing their utmost to make things pleasant for the retreatants.

"On Holy Thursday morning five new Staff Workers made their promises, and nine others renewed theirs... shining faces... shining crosses. What can I say of the atmosphere during the Holy Days other than that it was one of love?

### Love Did It All

"Love set the tables, made the decorations, prepared the chapel, cleaned and polished the house, rehearsed the singing, cooked the Easter dishes—the bread in the shape of a fish which is served with salt and wine on Holy Thursday evening to symbolize the Last Supper; the hot cross buns of Good Friday; the Pascha and Koolitch for Easter. Beyond all this is the love of our priests, whose very presence is such an immense blessing... Indeed Love was the key-note of Easter Week in Our Lady's Home... Yours in the Risen Christ, through His Blessed Mother, Marite."

Here's one without a signature... "As we came down the chapel stairs after Mass, the B greeted everyone with a very warm and beautiful smile and kiss. Her eyes lit up more and more as she repeated to each of us, 'He has risen, Verily He has risen.'"



"Dear Bill;... Though so different in many ways, in nationality, education, culture, sports, etc., we are, beyond a doubt fundamentally united. This unity, and love of each other, was very much in evidence during our Easter festivities. The joy that shone like the sun on everybody's face on Easter morning was a sight to behold. If only the whole world could have been here to witness this! If only the leaders of the world were here to see what peace and the love of Christ can do for the human being! Never in all my life have I witnessed such peace... Your brother in Christ, Mike."

### Prepare the Feast

Mary Ann wanted to describe "just one beautiful custom", the decorating and furnishing of a special table in the big dining room. "On Holy Saturday B asked Linda, one of the cooks, for the koolitch—special Easter breads—the pascha, which is made of cottage cheese and raisins and other delights—for colored eggs, for wine, and for lights.

"In two minutes she had a snow white linen cloth covering the plain green table. She then placed Christ, symbolized by a very tall koolitch, in the center of the table, and surrounded Him with twelve lesser loaves, representing the apostles. Two paschas were placed, a white one representing the redeemed souls, a chocolate colored one signifying sinners. Two sparkling bottles of our own wine were set near the 'Body' of Christ, to represent His Blood. Five red vigil lights were put close to him, to tell about His five wounds. Then the very lovely liturgically decorated eggs were scattered everywhere. Paper flowers were used for decorations; and many candles. When these were lit in the dark room, after the midnight vigil and Mass, they set off a warmth and

beauty seldom experienced. I'll never forget the tremendous simplicity and power contained in this Russian homage to the Risen King, nor Catherine's wonderful joy in its creation."

### Prepare The Soul

"Dear Mac... What is important for us here is not new clothes, the Easter Bunny, or any parade... For us Easter is the greatest event of the year. Part of our preparation for Easter consists in doing some penance to develop our spiritual muscles. Please do not think we go in for big acts of mortification. Quite the contrary. It is the little things that are stressed, like being particularly careful to be on time for meditation, Mass, meals, and classes; to keep our things neat; to be cheerful and charitable; to try to improve our life, being specifically aware of the needs of others... Yours in the Risen Christ, Lopez."

"Dear Shirley: During the four days of Easter... life at Madonna House was carried back almost 2,000 years to the city of Jerusalem. On Thursday Christ knelt before each of His apostles, washing and kissing the dust from their feet, as if each were Christ Himself! The Mass during Holy Thursday! The words of the Consecration: 'This is My Body... My Blood'. The upper room! Those same words. The same Person repeating them!

"Good Friday. Christ, His passion now begun, awaits the long tortuous climb to Golgotha, carrying mankind's sins. Three p.m. Time stands still. Christ's last hour. I stood looking at a crucifix. I was almost relieved, and happy a bit. Christ was dead, yes; but His horrible suffering on earth was over.

### Taste Death Then Life

"Holy Saturday... An empty vacant feeling. As if you had lost a dear one. The taste of death is in your mouth.

"Sunday morning. Christ has risen. Verily He has risen. Alleluia. Alleluia. I hope you experience all this first hand next year. Love. Sandra."

"Dear Friend... The big thing that comes to my mind is that one has to live in God's presence the year round to enjoy Easter at its fullest. Wishing you all the joys and blessings that Christ has brought to Easter. Yours in Jesus and Mary. Bill J."

"Dear Ann—This is what I found in the library. 'Drink yourselves full of the joy of the Resurrection! For this is a kind of intoxication that is supreme sobriety. It blots out every worldly recollection, and it keeps God ever present to the soul. For he who has once drunk of this joy forgets all else—remember this alone—Divine Charity.' With love, Rejeanne."

There were more: many many more! But there is no more space. These are enough, though, to show why Easter is still with us.

You might like to read Miss Lucille Dupuis' account of a night celebrated at Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon. If it sounds "jumpy", blame the editor. He had to cut it for space.

"Holy Thursday our small chapel was filled to capacity by members of apostolic groups. Twelve silent men sat awed while a young priest vested in a white alb bent low to spill cool clear water from a silver pitcher... men called to be saints in the grayness of boredom and everydayness of life, they realize Christ lives in them...

"The Paschal meal followed. Around the table of love and peace were Christ's brothers, Negroes, Indians, Orientals, Whites. The Paschal Lamb had been sliced and placed on the head table with the pitchers of wine. Father blessed the food and three young women served it, taking it from one table—a sign that we are all fed from one source and are united in this our source of life, God.

"Other items on the menu were the bitter herbs, endive dipped in salt water; unleavened bread, matzos, 'the bread of affliction'; Haroses, a mixture of chopped apples, nuts, cinnamon and wine, to recall, with its reddish color, the bricks used by the Jews in building the palaces and pyramids of Egypt; rice; and fresh fruit for dessert. Five volunteers came forward to read the dialogue of the Last Supper, taking the parts of Christ, Peter, Judas, Philip, and the narrator of the gospel. The priest broke unleavened bread and passed it along the table..."

## Our Lady's Tourists

On Low Sunday, April 5, three Staff Workers of the Madonna House Lay Apostolate went flying out of Montreal for a short tour of Europe. They will visit a number of Lay Apostolates, Secular Unions, and Pious Associations in England, France, Belgium, and Italy; and return to Combermere, they hope, in time for the 12th anniversary of the founding of Madonna House, May 17th.

The three are Miss Trudi Cortens, local director of Madonna House, Miss Shirley DeWitt, Catherine's secretary, and Miss Mary K. Rowland, local director of Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon.

Miss Cortens and Miss DeWitt met Miss Rowland in Montreal. Before they left Combermere they were given a farewell party by the senior girls; and Miss Diane Zdunich prepared an unusual "bon voyage"—which is so profound and beautiful it should be set to music. It was given by two choruses, speaking alternately.

1st Chorus—The Lord's are the earth and its fullness, the world and those who dwell in it.

2nd Chorus—And you are the Lord's, and because you are His, all that is His belongs to you.

1st Chorus—Because you are His, and you love what is His, nothing is strange to you.

2nd Chorus—No one a stranger to you.

1st Chorus—All things are creatures with you.

2nd Chorus—All men are brothers to you.

1st Chorus—All lands are His land to you.

2nd Chorus—So every land is homeland to you.

1st Chorus—You do not go as tourists to a foreign country, but to a land where you have walked with others in your hearts' thoughts.

2nd Chorus—You do not go to test the beauty of their china or their wine, but to taste life's beauty which they know and will reveal to you.

1st Chorus—You do not go to gaze upon palaces and monuments, but to get a greater vision of the Building up of Christ, to know more deeply the monument of praise that man's love for man raises to the Father daily.

2nd Chorus—You do not go out of curiosity to the Cathedrals and holy places of Europe, but you will know the true joy of those who know their Father's Him in the holy place of each house, and you will find yourselves poor pilgrims worshipping Him in the Holy place of each man's soul.

1st Chorus—Take with you our love and yours, and our prayers.

2nd Chorus—Take with you your poverty and your open hearts.

All—And return to us with a deeper knowledge of God, and all men, and all creatures—and with a deeper love!

The girls begged the money for their trip. They begged it from family and friends. They dressed themselves from the second-hand stuff in the clothing room. And they travelled lightly.

## Why Were The Saints, Saints?

Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful;

Patient when it was difficult to be patient, and

Because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and

Kept silent when they wanted to talk, and

Were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable.

THAT WAS ALL.



## JOURNEY INWARD

By Catherine Doherty

The feasts of Our Lady were red letters days in our home. To me they were like lovely colored beads in the grey pattern of routine, and school. On many of them, we had a day off. For Russia did not have, then, the modern forty or forty-four hour week. Folks worked through all the week days—and rested only on Sunday.

But Russia observed many, many more Holy Days of Obligation. That made up for the American Saturdays off, I guess. Quite a few of those holy days were Our Lady's. Festive, joyous days. They brought carefree, gay hours, whose joys began at the Source of all joy. The Mass.

### Special Days

On Mary's feast days, the kitchen in the evening still smelled of the wondrous baking smells of the day before. Each feast seemed to have a different odor. Some were filled with the sweet smell of cinnamon... others of cardamom... other of caraway seeds and baked raisins. It was a warm delightful place at night... it was that indeed.

The light before the big ikon of Our Lady of the Poor, was burnished bright and reflected the vigil light well on Her feast days! The huge oak tables were scrubbed clean. And pilgrims told their stories especially well on Our Lady's Days...

Once in a while a visiting priest would be brought by my parents to talk and to bless the servants, the kitchen, and their quarters on such days.

I loved hearing the little homilies—the stories such priests told our simple working folks. One I remember so vividly. It was about the humanity of Christ... and about the imensity of the fiat of a little girl. She made the Incarnation possible through it... and gave God human flesh. Her own!

### The Night Is Dark

The Eastern liturgy stresses this theological aspect of Mary's Fiat perhaps more than the Western does... But this I found out only later—much later... Then I was lost in the beauty of the story... the homily itself.

Today I meditate often on it. For it seems to mean so much to the Lay Apostolate of which I am a part. If those of us who are baptized, and hence "APOSTLES OF THE LORD", understood that we have to be lights in the darkness of Communism materialism etc... we have to enter Christ's heart. We must have ours lighted from His. For our own light will not shine far...

Yet the way to His heart... Himself... is through MARY! I have thought of it often... and put down some of my thoughts in a poem... Here it is:

### Light in the Dark

A Lay Apostle  
One of Mine...  
Can stop the  
Dark,  
From spreading  
Far  
If he be light...  
To light this kind of light  
The apostle must come  
Into my heart  
And light the flame of his  
heart  
From there  
Or else it won't shine far  
And be extinguished soon.  
But when it is rooted  
In My heart  
It cannot die.  
The way to it is Mary.  
She stands before Me,  
And I, immensity  
Unconquered, uncreated,  
I, the Lord of hosts,  
Become small again,  
And no one can come to Me  
Except through Her.  
This is profound.  
The facets of a diamond  
Like the earth has never seen,  
That shines with an unknown  
sheen—  
Turn it around and round,  
and see,  
And take, the Rosary.

The Annunciation.  
To whom was it addressed?  
To Mary.  
The Visitation.  
Who arose, and visited,  
In deep repose,  
Her cousin?  
My Mother Mary!  
First monstrance,  
First chalice  
For the wheat and wine  
That would feed,  
Until the end of time,  
All who would hunger and  
thirst.  
My Birth.  
Who gave Me flesh  
To be born with?  
The Virgin Mary.  
The Presentation.  
Who did it?  
Mary.  
The Finding in the Temple.

Mary again.  
Was the first to see Me,  
Was the first to arise in search  
of me—  
Symbol of many yet to be.  
You have devotion to My face?  
Look at Her so full of grace.  
It is Her flesh you behold  
Wounds on My shoulders,  
hands, feet,  
My pierced side, bruised body,  
My flesh came from Mary.  
You see Me desolate in Gethsemani,  
My blood streaming down my  
face  
In tears.  
Who gave Me blood and tears?  
My Mother Mary.  
Can you see the tears,  
Hear the whips,  
Endure the pain?  
My body inside and out  
Was given Me by Mary  
With the pain that is  
The sign of the children of  
men.

I am one of them—  
The child of a woman!  
You watched the crown  
Pierce My skin  
And break its sharp ends  
Against the bones  
Shaped in Mary's womb.  
You watched me carrying the  
cross.  
Who gave Me strength,  
Taught Me to walk,  
And brought Me up,  
To begin the Redemption?  
Mary.  
You watched the Resurrection,  
And Magdalen,  
And what do you see?  
God in the flesh  
Who conquered death.  
The flesh is from Mary.  
You saw the Lord of hosts  
Returning home from His stay  
In His earthly domain.  
What do I take back  
To whence I came?  
Mary's flesh upon My bones.  
The Crimson Dove descended  
On the little conclave  
In an upper room.  
But who is He?  
The Spouse of Mary.  
Oh mystery of mysteries!  
The Spouse of Mary!  
Is it a wonder then  
That whole, untouched by  
time,  
Nor ravaged by its signs,  
I lifted up My Mother Mary,  
And She shares with Me  
The joys of heaven?  
Alone the two of us  
Walk in it—  
The flesh of Mary!  
What else could Her Son give  
Her  
Whose Fiat brought Me,  
The Second Person of the  
Trinity,  
On earth—  
Word made flesh,  
Child of Bethlehem and Nazareth  
In time and space?  
And so I crown My Mother  
Mary  
Before them all,  
And so She reigns  
The Queen of all hearts,  
In heaven as She should on  
earth.  
You speak of the Mass,  
The soul of the apostolate,  
For Mass is the soul of all  
apostles,  
Big and small,  
But you speak of bread and  
wine;  
You speak of body and blood.  
Tell Me then, how far is Mary—  
For lo, behold, I come to you  
Still dressed in it,  
Still filled with it,  
The body and blood of Mary,  
Our Lady of the Eucharist!  
What else can you call Her  
Who gave Me the flesh?  
Without Her  
All the plans of God  
Are fallow,  
And I would not have stood  
In an upper room  
And fed the twelve,  
And all who came after  
With the inexhaustible body  
of Me—  
Uniting flesh to flesh  
Glorified, perfect.  
How can you come to My Sacred  
Heart  
Unless you walk through Mary,  
Who gave Me the symbol of  
love?

That is why,  
When you really understand,  
The Sacred Heart  
And the Immaculate Heart  
Lie side by side.  
For one could not exist  
Without the Fiat of the other.  
A mystery  
To be understood!  
For the whole of the Lay Apostolate  
Lies, a seed, in the heart of it.  
You see, it is clear to you  
It must take flesh  
Or it shall perish.  
Whose flesh must it take  
But the Word's;  
But who will give that flesh?  
Who, but Mary  
The Mother of the Word?

## A China Fish Story

By Sally Murphy

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alta.—"What's eating you?" Dot put down her bedtime detective story.

"Nothing." Whenever I have anything to discuss with my director, and she asks what is the matter, I always say, "Nothing." Then I let her take a few wild guesses as to what it might be. "You are sitting here on the end of my bed. It is after eleven. Your chin is practically resting on your knees. And you say 'Nothing'?" She smiled and pulled her pillow up in back of her a little. "Now come on—what is it?"

"I don't know—so help me. That's the truth."

### Surprise! A Job!

Dot leaned forward and wrapped her arms around her knees. "You can't seem to get your work done. 'Right?'" "Right!" I said, lifting the chin off the knees slightly. "Got lots to do, but can't settle down to it. Right?"

"Right!" "Find yourself staring out the window instead of filing cards or writing letters?"

"Yeah!" "Takes you longer to dry dishes in the afternoon?"

"I know. It's spring!" "Spring? You mean it's not the dark night of my soul?"

"Spring fever. What you need at this point is some kind of project. A challenge to work off your excess energy. A change from the routine. Something different."

"What would you suggest? A trip to California?"

"Just lately I have had in mind a real good project—perfect for you. St. John's! A good spring cleaning! I mean the real thing. Get into the corners. Wash the walls. Maybe paint the furniture. You could spend a couple of hours over there every day really getting it into shape!"

### A Spring Tonic

St. John's used to be Marian Centre until our new building was erected in 1957. Now it is used as sleeping quarters for the male staff, and a storage place for furniture which we have not quite figured out what to do with.

It also served briefly as our clothing room during the hectic period of moving into the new building and getting settled. It did need a good cleaning!

The next afternoon found me climbing the steps of St. John's and trying to insert the key in the door while balancing several scrub pails, bottles, and cans of soap, disinfectants, wax, scrub clean sheets. Meanwhile brushes, rags, and a pile of Shwartzie, our dog, was winding himself around my right leg. I had managed to keep my left leg disengaged from his rope by holding it high in the air. This was the perfect time for somebody to ask me for a match. But nobody did.

As soon as I reached the second floor where the boys, and Father Bertsch, live, I knew this job would require a tremendous amount of self control. The men in this apostolate have the ability to exist in very little space. With few exceptions all their possessions are easily contained in four or five inches of closet space and an orange crate next to their bed.

### Age of Space

Some of them don't even take up that much room. However, such a paucity of personal effects makes it hard on a woman's nature, which is inclined toward filling up large areas of empty space with items calculated to make the place look more "homey."

This "homey-ness" is usually achieved by the liberal use of dollies, scatter-rugs, knick-knacks, novelty lamps and bright curtains. From past experience I have learned that such items are not only not appreciated by men, but sometimes become the occasion of unkind witticisms and downright resentment.

"Just clean the place," I told myself. "Leave it neat and clean... don't change anything. Don't add anything. Just clean." By the time evening came, all the furniture had been piled up in the hallway. Pictures had been removed from the walls. And spring cleaning was well under way. Despite the ascetic simplicity in which male Staff members exist, they usually have a small box into which they place little things they dig out of their pockets or find lying around and don't want to throw away.

### Passion For Cleaning!

These little boxes contain such things as medals, holy pictures, bits of broken rosaries, shotgun

shells, matches, bent nails, broken penknives and small change. These items are always covered with a thick layer of dust and obviously never used, so in my passion for cleanliness, I emptied all the little boxes I could find into one big box and carried it away with me.

The next morning at breakfast, Paul looked at me rather sourly. He knit his brows and yanked on his bottom lip. "Were you cleaning my room?" he asked in a low, controlled voice.

"You noticed?" I sparkled back.

"I noticed all right. What did you do with my stamps?"

"You mean all those old, cancelled stamps that looked like they had been floating in oil?"

"Yes."

"I threw them away."

"Those were commemorative stamps. I was saving them."

"Oh!"

"I spilled some oil of wintergreen on them, but they were okay."

"Sorry, Paul, old boy."

Up Speaks Joe

This conversation was obviously proving of interest to Joe.

"When are you going to clean my room?" "Today." "I guess you're going to move all my things around, eh?"

"Things? For Pete's sake, all you have in your whole room is a razor, an alarm clock and a Bible."

"Well, just don't go moving them around." He poured some cornflakes into his bowl. "I'm used to them just where they are."

"Say, you know those shotgun shells you took from my orange crate?" Jack asked.

"Yeah. I got them on my desk."

"Well, you better be careful how you handle them. They might go off."

A cold shiver ran down my spine as I remembered dropping them from a distance of five feet into a wastepaper basket on the previous day. As soon as the meal was finished I placed them carefully on Jack's desk.

Dot decided that as long as we had Father Bertsch's room all upset we might as well paint it. The colors were chosen, and Paul and Mary Davis began painting it.

This was pretty exciting for all of us, as this particular room, at some time in the distant past, had been painted a sort of purplish-brown and was known jokingly as the Black Hole of Calcutta. A bright yellow with a gray trim was chosen as the new color scheme.

Handing Him a Lemon

We all wandered over at one time or another, to see the tremendous transformation. It was transformed all right. Paul painted the walls and ceiling yellow. The effect, with the lights on, was like being inside a huge lemon.

When Father came to breakfast the next morning he said, "How soon can I move back into my room?" Paul and Mary Davis exchanged glances.

"You want to move back in soon, eh Father?"

"Well, it would be nice to be able to find my things again."

"I-I guess we can finish it today. Yes, today."

A few weeks before, we had received a donation of four little china fish which hang from nails on a wall. The broad expanse of empty wall in St. John's bathroom seemed a perfect spot for these. As a finishing touch to the spring cleaning we ceremoniously installed them over the bathtub. It seemed a small enough concession to the womanly desire to brighten up the corner where somebody else is. However, it happened that this feeble gesture was not appreciated by the inhabitants of St. John's. It was described, by one of them, as "real sweet."

We were not forced to remove the fish, but it was made clear that they were remaining there only out of polite appreciation for our efforts.

After it was all over, I found that my spring fever had completely vanished and I was only too happy to return to my normal work.

Mary Jean was passing by the door. She dropped a big picture of a gorilla on my desk.

"If they make you take the fish down" she said "you can always substitute this. Looks pretty manly to me."

### NOTE

We Understand That  
"THE SIGN"  
MAGAZINE  
(Union City, N.J.)  
WILL CARRY  
A  
PHOTO-ESSAY  
ON  
MADONNA HOUSE  
IN THE  
MAY ISSUE

## Our Library Grows

By Bill Murphy

In 1947 the Madonna House Library numbered about 100 volumes. Today there are over 20,000 books in the General Library and it serves over 700 customers throughout Canada as well as the local community.

A group of five staff workers takes care of the many small jobs necessary to get the books to the customer. Many subscriptions come from persons who have visited us during our summer school in July, or during the year.

### A Wide Selection

On joining the library, the customer receives his first set of four books, and a catalog listing all the books in the library. From this list he selects books which interest him and returns this list to us. From the list he sends we select the books which are currently in the library, sign them out, and wrap and mail them to the customer.

We believe that you cannot succeed in any form of Catholic Action without a strong spiritual basis including prayer, daily Mass and meditation. Therefore, included in the General Library are books on all aspects of Catholic life and worship. Books by authors such as Fr. Van Zeller, Monsignor Knox, and Caryl Chessell deepen our knowledge of the faith. The Soul of the Apostolate by Dom Chautard with its insistence on being before doing is a classic in this field.

Our Sociology section is broken down into sub-sections on Co-operatives, Catholic Principles, the Lay Apostolate, and Marriage. Here are to be found books on the origin of the Credit Union movement, like The Poor Man's Prayer by George Boyle, and a description of the beginnings of the Co-op movement in Antigonish, N.S. in Masters of Their Own Destiny by Msgr. Coady.

### Indifference to God

In Fire On Th Earth, a book on Catholic Social Principles by Fr. Paul Furfey there is a description of what the attitude of the Catholic layman should be toward the materialism, and indifference to God, which he faces on all sides today. Books such as these will acquaint the Catholic with the best in his Church's social thinking and give him positive answers to her critics.

In addition to the books which are specifically Catholic there is a wide range of books in all fields, such as biography, fiction, poetry and so forth. The subscription price of two dollars a year is low enough, we hope, to make good Catholic reading material available to all.

### Books Bring God

We send and receive many letters from subscribers. One of these was from a small commun-

ity of 17 Catholic families in British Columbia. A priest comes to visit them once every three months. In their letter asking for more books, they told us that now on Sunday all the families gather together in turn at each other's houses for breakfast. Then they read together from our books and missals, the Mass of the day, and a commentary on the Epistle or the Gospel. On of them reads the biography of a saint and all say the Rosary together. The books sent to these people really bring God to them.

In our community, children have walked four miles (both ways) to borrow books once a week. Other neighborhood kids have been able to take advantage of this means of education.

The philosophy of our library can be best summarized in a short prayer composed by our founders: "To love God we must know Him. Books are important givers and servants of that knowledge; they are the weapons of His Kingdom in the souls of men. Through them the Word Incarnate penetrates into men's minds, souls and hearts, restoring them and the world around them, to His Father. Take great care of books, they may save a soul for which Christ died, Amen."

## Spring

By Bob Pelton

It's the same each year: the sudden thaws

And freezes, the slush, the dirty drifts along

The fences, the milky sky, the caws

Of crows, the feathered tops of trees, the tough

Brown grass at last uncovered, the uncertain sun,

And the first warm day cut by the rough

Edge of an unrepentant wind.

And yet it's not the same at all: each spring

Is different, sweeter than all the rest that came

Before to rouse our sluggish hearts, to bring

Life back, sweeter than we remembered, for

Earth's rich pungence and frogs' muted chirpings

Alone surpass all sameness, alone are more

Than all endless advents and too swift endings.

We can seize the day, and watch it melt

Through our fingers at evening, or embrace

Its loveliness and feel it, as Odysseus felt

His mother's shade, evade our shackling arms;

Or drift in its gentle winds, a kite sailing high

Above the earth's unfolding, abandoned to its charms,

Our string held fast in the hand of God.



So you've got a headache? Too bad. It is probably only an E.I.I. (Emotionally-Induced Illness). But see one of our nurses. Here are a bunch of them in front of the Dispensary, with Trudy Cortens, local director of Madonna House, and Miss Aline Chevrefils, a visitor. Aline is the girl on the left. The others are: Miss Terry Richard, Mrs. Kathleen O'Herin, Miss Elsie Whitty, Miss Rae Jean Neubig, Miss Guadalupe Zabago, Miss Cortens, and Miss Irene Chauvin. Miss Neubig has been assigned to the Casa de Nuestra Señora in Winslow, Ariz., since this picture was taken, and Miss Chauvin to Edmonton, Alta. There is another nurse on the Staff, Miss Mary Jean Beaudoin, now taking a post graduate course, in Edmonton. The Dispensary before it became this—and a two-bed hospital—was a garage and a writing foundry. Your head still aches. You should have experienced some of the headaches Ed Doherty suffered—or produced—when he wrote books there. The place is known as "Blessed Martin de Porres". The dispensary "dispenses with accuracy."



## A FULL PANTRY MAKETH MANY A FULL HEART

By Mary Ruth

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—The glorious Alleluia of Easter echo over frozen lakes and rivers, and rest lightly upon the deep snows in the forest. But a bright sun, rising higher and higher in the heavens and remaining with us longer each day, heralds a promise of better things. The season of mud is upon us. The thaw has begun and winter has broken. What if we do wade through the mud everywhere? The skies are bright and blue again, and the days are lovely.

At Maryhouse we have six of our boys with us. Four went home for the holidays. It is nice to enjoy their company, knowing they don't have to go rushing off to school. Evenings bring no homework. So we can recreate together. Little parties spring up, over just no excuse at all, and a gay atmosphere prevails.

### They Entertain Selves

Sunday night we had a get-together at the Maryhouse Library. All the boys, Fr. Gene, and all the staff were present. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and their son, Michael joined us. It started out to be a sing-song; then groups offered to put on skits to entertain the rest. Group by group went out, made their plans and returned to send the others nearly off their chairs with laughter. Props were a broom or a mop, a kerchief bound around one's head, or a few old costumes from the clothing room. When we were too weak to laugh any more, Mamie served us ice cream and cookies. Our boys love an evening like this and we feel it does more for them than to entertain them.

The hockey season has ended—on a glorious note! The CYO team made up mostly of our Maryhouse boys, won the trophy in the Juvenile League. It was a bitter fight and entailed a few cuts and black eyes, and numerous bruises; but all was forgotten in that glorious moment when His Excellency, Bishop Couderc, Fr. Gene, and all the Maryhouse staff, practically fell upon their necks with joy after the last game of the season! We ARE proud of our boys and rightly so!

### A Party for a Pantry

The great kindness and support of the people of Whitehorse never ceases to amaze us and to warm our hearts! Little acts of thoughtfulness all through the year keep bringing this fact home to us. Such an occasion was the Maryhouse Tea and Food Shower given recently at the home of Commissioner and Mrs. Collins. One would have merely to glance at the calendar in Mrs. Collins' kitchen to note the many social demands upon her time, yet she never fails, once a year, to give a tea to aid Maryhouse whose interested and faithful benefactor she has been since its foundation.

Women of all faiths rallied to the support of the tea, and the cheerful co-operation was contagious. In the evening the downstairs study looked like a miniature grocery store. For many meals at Maryhouse all will be reminded of the charity of our many kind friends.

The hostels have been very busy. Many men come here looking for work, forgetting that Spring in the Yukon is at least two months behind such places as Windsor and Toronto. Things have not opened up yet, so we have had men sleeping in every available bed and on every available floor space! Dave is one of them. In between his frequent visits to Maryhouse he travels across Canada and back. Mamie has been trying to "keep moving" those men who have found work or unemployment insurance, to make way for the really destitute. After Dave had been here about three weeks she suggested he try to find some place to stay because men more unfortunate needed housing. Said Dave: "Well, don't I move out every time I get my unemployment check and return only after it is spent?" Life is not without its humor.

### Mother Lost, Boy Lost

This morning Mamie took time off to look for a lost boy. Joe, who is five, has been here only three days. Yesterday he got separated from his mother, and was brought here at 11 p.m. by the Mounties. The mother could not be found. Early this morning Joe arose and went in search of his mother. When he did not appear at breakfast time, Mamie the Mounties, and the Indian nurse, all went in search of him. They found him with his mother on the other side of the city, in a place which would have been very difficult for an adult to find even if he had been there before.

So our days at Maryhouse go, made up of a round of little things; little duties; little emergencies; little incidents, all carried along on the great current of LOVE. Behind our work are many great and humble souls whose Christ-like Charity makes our work possible. Often we speak of the evil in the world, and God knows there is much of it. But we do not dwell enough upon the good in the world.

In our work we see so much of it. We praise God for the love in the hearts of our brothers and sisters in Christ! Anew we thank you, who are too numerous to mention by name, and we ask the Risen Christ to bring to you, each and all not only the tremendous JOY and PEACE of His Resurrection, but also the peace and holiness and the courage and the fervor that come with the Holy Ghost, on that first Pentecost Sunday.

## The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

A few years ago, in those dark days when the Communists were trying to incriminate Cardinal Wyschinsky, beloved primate of Poland, three girls belonging to a Secular Institute were arrested and thrown into prison. The comrades knew of the Cardinal's personal interest in this Institute. As a priest he had participated actively in its foundation. They hoped that under pressure the girls would break down and reveal crimes committed by His Eminence.

Fortified by this "evidence," the enemies of God could then proceed to bring the influential primate to trial, condemn him, and remove him without incurring popular protest.

But their diabolical little plan failed. It failed because these girls loved. For weeks on end they were awakened in the middle of the night and dragged from their cells to the blinding lights of the interrogation room. There a woman party member subjected them to the vilest, most grueling and abject scrutiny imaginable.

### Pax-Caritas

Night after night their answers and their silences filled the room with peace and with love. They had determined they would love this woman. They prayed all day to be faithful to their heroic resolution. And one night, the inevitable happened. Their tormentor broke down, told them to go, they were free.

The girls rushed to her, surrounded her, embraced her, told her that each day "til death they would pray for her. Once again love, the love which is Caritas, had overcome hatred and cruelty, and foiled the cunning of pride.

Your life too can be redemptive—and mine—if we fill it daily with its full measure of love, following the example of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph in their humble home at Nazareth.

And Redemption is needed. Love is sadly needed in this loveless world. Many people say: "Things aren't too bad. There is much good in America, in our city, town, or village. Why not look on the bright side of things?" They resent any criticism of their community, any pointing out of deficiencies, failings and sinfulness. It disturbs their false peace of soul.

No one particularly wants to accept responsibility for religious indifference and social injustice; no one likes to be shown society's wounds and the neighbor's needs. It interferes with the pursuit of one's own "happiness." It places a burden upon the soul, the burden of the Cross.

### The Evil

The evil is this: that Love is unloved, that men in practice do not believe in God, that they treat one another as if they were not actual or potential members of the Mystical Body, that the "friends" of God fear Him much more than they love Him, that selfishness and greed and pride and envy and lust and hatred—frequently coated with a veneer of respectability, of religiosity—still rule the land.

Witness unemployment, group tensions, adultery, juvenile delinquency, loveless families, the immorality of most advertising, and this tantalizing fear of — and desire for — war that hangs over us like the forbidden fruit in Paradise!

War has always held an attraction for men. Some, because of their immaturity and their unwillingness to live humbly for a noble cause, prefer to die "gloriously" for it. Others find in war a welcome and socially acceptable outlet for their pent-up hatred.

### Love Is Solution

Behind every social and individual problem we find the same cause: an absence of Caritas, of strong, tender, enlightened love. The solution is clear. The solution is to love. And love will find a way. True enough, specialists are needed to assess and solve our problems as they arise. Economists, politicians, psychiatrists, educators, theologians, and philosophers. But their solutions are sterile without love. It is love alone that makes them fruitful.

### What Can I Do?

As a Catholic begins to view his environment with Christian eyes, as he begins to see it and assess it in the light of the Gospel, as he begins to be aware of his responsibility in the daily, relentless and unending struggle for the souls of men, he is bound to ask the question: "But, what can I do? I am small, unimportant, uneducated. What can I do?"

Christ, Our Lady, and all the saints answer: "You can love. You can love right now. You can observe the two great commandments this minute. Thus you can become a saint and redeem your world."

Education, work, social standing, personal talents, of themselves are unimportant. They are nothing but means whereby love serves, love expresses itself. Witness the humble home of Nazareth. Here Redemption was cradled and grew; each day in Nazareth was full, important, different; each day perfect adoration and praise went up to the Father; at every minute the world was being saved.

### Holiness For All

To be a Catholic is to be another Christ, another adorer of the Father, another redeemer of men, another lover. A Catholic family is another Holy Family where a father sanctifies the world by repeating the simple gestures of Jesus and Joseph, where a mother redeems and gives praise by repeating the simple gestures of Mary with a full heart.

It is good to call at the little house of Nazareth, to sit there quietly and learn all we have to know, to be, and to do in life. How generous the Lord of Love, that He has made the greatest holiness accessible to everyone.

How lavish His daily gifts to His little ones, to His little uncomplicated ones who daily say "fiat" in their hearts, who believe that He is Love, who trust His love and His power daily, and who love daily. To these He reveals His secrets and gives His greatest gift, His Cross the greatest gift of the God of love.

Anybody can love. Anybody!

## ITE, MISSA EST!

By Phil Knight

Casa De Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona: The morning sun of Prime has risen! Boldly we share the worms with the earliest of parishioners, making our common way to the parish church of Madre de Dios.

"Buenos dias, Carmelita! Como esta usted?"

"Muy bien, gracias, y usted?"

"Bien, bien!"

With sentiments of affection we enter, taking familiar pews, and begin our conversation with Our Lord and Lady.

### At Day Break

"If you have risen with Christ, seek the things that are above."

Six forty-five a.m.—"Introito al altar Dei!" Life begins. The tomb of Christ, asleep, becomes again the altar where He will soon consent to be born. With the paten raised on high, we place our love pledge of the day's toil. The host, made heavy now with our offerings of self, we prepare with the High Priest a sacrifice of complete, thankful, self-rendered. Our day spills into the chalice to be made mystery with wine in consecrated silence.

"Hic est enim calix sanguinis mei!" Yea, for now not I, but Christ lives in me. "Ite, missa est!" Now go and be spent!

After a hasty breakfast, the parish school bus lunges forward to commence a new journey of excitement and, alas, some anxieties for youngsters fresh about this business of Living. For Easter morning is eternally with the young, never abandoning the mystery of Life.

9.30 a.m.—another "almost-on-time." But our bus has expended more than a pony express.

"Hello, John, any mail, clothing donations, books?" The post-



This is the Catechism crew that goes out into the highways and byways to sow the seeds of God. Every Sunday afternoon they kneel before one of the priests in Madonna House, ask his blessing, and are then chauffeured by Anthony Henry, into a distant neighborhood where children await them. Reading from left to right, Tony Henry, Jan Hills, Mary Ann Gilmore, Rejeanne George, and Alfred O'Connor. Jan Hills has written the story of their work.

master winks and noisily rattles the contents of a package.

### The Day Grows

"My regards to the señoritas of La Casa de Nuestra Senora."

The bus is parked comfortably beneath the Arizona sun. We arm ourselves with a broom and prepare the church hall for the afternoon Catechism classes. Chairs neatly arranged, the breakfast dishes now direct us to the routine chores of maintenance, and the everlastingness of putting away the spoils of yesterday's children—bum gloves on the rear of benches, orange and banana peels hidden behind a cluster of discarded home-work sheets, lunch pails and school books forgotten in a hasty departure.

Meanwhile, at the Casa, the washing machine churns away in unison with those of neighboring mothers, and all the women invoke patron saints that the innumerable stray dogs might not pull down to dusty death their morning's labor. Sun-bleached, the laundry lies before the welcomed teen-age volunteer, who stands before the ironing board gamefully occupied while seeking a sympathetic friend to listen to the woes of adolescence.



### And Work Grows

In a room which serves as library, office, living room, dining room (all depending on the duty of the moment) sits a staff-worker absorbed in the preparation of catechism subject matter for the day. The local director, using the same room, in another corner, as an office, prepares a "begging letter" to our patrons in the apostolate.

Newly assigned homework from both grammar and high school brings a stream of not so reluctant boys and girls in quest of the encyclopedia and a subject book for an English report.

"Got any games we can borrow?" "I'll bring it back tomorrow—promise!" "My mama says she ain't got no food in the house could ya spare any?" "Thanks!" "You wouldn't by any chance have any shoes for my kids? Ramon's walking half his sole bare!" "Gracias!" "Say kid, I just jumped the freight from L.A., could you spare a guy down on his luck a bite to eat? Thanks Fella!" "Gee, that's a load off my mind! Thanks just for listening, honey. I had to talk with someone!"

### The Dusk Falls

Evening-tide brings refreshment, with Our Lady, the family assembled to recite the Rosary and daily Compline.

Supper ended, we sip a second cup of tea and make ready for the last portion of the day. "What's the program for tonight?" "I've got a teen-age catechism class to prepare by seven-thirty." "It's the Boy Scouts for me!" "I'm off on a Legion of Mary assignment at the Hospital." "The ladies are coming this evening to finish those quilts we started last week."

So we end up—living the Mass. Children of God (kissed with the sign of the vocation) tired but happy, conclude this moment in time, 1959 years since His arrival.

## They Sow God's Seed

Jan Hills

The word and love of God is brought every Sunday to the hearts and souls of children hereabouts. Four of us, two men and two women, whom God has chosen as His Instruments, continue to go every Sunday to a village about twenty miles from Madonna House. There about 35 children gather. Classes are held in two of the village homes, half of the children going to one, half to the other.

How important can these instructions be? Only God really knows the value—the results. But sometimes He allows us to see some results—a change. The children learn about God in their simple and little ways. They begin to love more—because they learn that He is Love.

### Bedroom—Classroom

The room, the conditions, that the teaching is carried on in, are difficult—but the desire and hunger reach far beyond. We sit in the bedroom on a bed, twelve little boys and girls, and the teacher—learning of God. Little ones so attentive—so eager—eyes with looks that are beyond description—so overwhelmed with awe—so innocent. These are the littlest ones—from five to nine years.

In the kitchen another class is being taught. They are a little older, eight and nine year old boys. These two rooms are the only rooms in this house. A family of five lives here. Mama, maybe a visiting neighbor and the littlest one, two years of age, listen in—that is, the youngest one sometimes listens! He is our little distraction, but a wonderful little distraction—he and the parakeet in the cage in the corner.

### Sissies or Not

Down the road a piece (to the people here, a piece could be anywhere from a short distance to many miles, but in this case it is about a quarter of a mile), another group of children are gathered. These are the older ones—aged about 10 to 14 years. Some of them are not sure if it is sissified to listen about God or not—but this hunger surmounts even that. This home, too, like the other, is small—the children are taught in two rooms. The same type of conditions are found here also—distractions of a little one, a couple of kittens, etc.

The real desire for knowledge of God, or knowledge of something, is proven in their parents' efforts to get their children there—through snow all winter, mud in the spring, coming in from miles around, the children walking. Many times some families cannot make it. Most of these families are big, and when a family is missing there is a great dent in the attendance.

### Who Knows?

As we are out teaching, two Staff Workers back at Madonna House are doing the same. We have six local children coming in for catechetics to Madonna House. You might find them in any free corner. But it doesn't matter—it is all the same—the purpose, the Word of God—God Who Is Love. With distractions and all, God is made known—in a humble way, in trial and error, success and failure.

Who really knows what is success and what is failure? Pius X in his Encyclical letter "Acerbo Nimis", speaks of the efforts of the catechists: "Catechetical instruction . . . plain and simple though it be, is that word of which God Himself speaks through the lips of the prophet Isaiah: 'And as the rain and the snow come down from heaven and return no more thither, but soak the earth, and water it, and make it to spring and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall My word be which shall go forth from My mouth; it shall not return to Me void, but it shall do whatsoever I please, and shall prosper in the things for which I sent it.' Is. 55: 10-11."

## Old Books For Sale

Here are some more Antique books you can get through Madonna House:

**Golden Thoughts on Mother, Home & Heaven, From Poetic and Prose Literature of all ages and all lands**, ed. by Rev. Theo Cuyler; E. B. Treat, N.Y., 1878. In poor condition, but with good engravings.

**Great Expectations**, Charles Dickens, Pub. John Lovell, N.Y., no date.

**Heilige Schrift, Die (Holy Bible)** all in German. Profusely illustrated with maps etc. Pub. by John Potter Co., Philadelphia, 1878. Bound in leather—gold embossed.

**Holy Bible, The Douai version**, containing entire canonical scriptures. John Potter Co. Pub. 1875. Large, heavy leather binding, but in poor condition.

**The Home Dressmaker**, illustrated with fashions circa 1890. Home Queen Pub., N.Y. Good condition.

**House of Pomegranates**, 10th Edition, Oscar Wilde, Methuen & Co., London, 1921. Poor condition.

**Illustrated Description of Russian Empire**, Robert Sears, Pub. lished by Robert Sears, N.Y., 1855. Good condition! Many illustrations and maps.

**Irish Literature, Vol. I, II, III, IV, VI, and X**, Justin McCarthy, Pub. by John D. Morris & Co., Philadelphia, 1904. Fair condition—half-bound in leather.

**The Jerusalem Delivered** by Tasso, translated into English by J. H. Wiffen, Hurst & Co., N.Y., no date, good condition.

**Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk**, by George Houghton, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, 1881. Very good condition.

**Letters Concerning The Roman Chancery**, Rev. Richard Fuller, Rt. Rev. John England, Bishop of Charleston; Fielding Lucas Jr. Baltimore. John P. Beale Charleston, S.C.—Pub.; 1840. Very good condition. Second edition revised.

**Letters of Certain Jews to M. Voltaire**, Containing an Apology for Their Own People and for the Old Testament. Trans. by Rev. Philip Lefanu. Pub. by eHrman Hooker, Philadelphia. 1848. Fair condition.

**Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit**, Charles Dickens, John Lovell Co., N.Y. No date. Poor condition. Half-bound in leather.

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